PEN PALS

Jenny Factor

Right now I like you best when you are flat
on paper, scrolled in ether messages,
and on white sheets, ink-stained, addressed and stamped.

In humid rooms, so awkward I get cramps,
we sip in silence, swap book-passages.
Far better, white sheets, ink-stained, addressed, stamped
to tear open in leisure and get damp,
on sometime-thoughts of sweet permissages
or real world talk more intimate than flat.

Granted, you’re not ambiguous. You prattle
like a girl, “Then she....” these discourses
come on white quartered sheets, ink-stained and stamped.

No mad provocatrix. But damn! You pack
a punch in phrases, scrapbook images
until, I’m sure I’d like you to be flat-
ter by the way such scribbles make romance.
Let words do what hands do: console, caress,
on folded sheets. Our dailiness gets stamped
to bear no risk of touch. I won’t play tramp
to loose your stiff boy ‘though I’m capable
—would probably even like it quite well—flat,
on white sheets, undressed, ink-stained, licked like stamps.